

Untitled Poems, Anaphora © 2019

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Images: Vincent Van Gogh, Detail of “Olive Orchard” (1889)

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Untitled Poems

Anaphora

The author wants you to know that ze is a multiple system, and that as such, the following is written by a collective of people. The author occasionally uses plural personal pronouns, such as “we, our, us” etc. Learn to distinguish between these instances and instances of collective address that include you the reader.

When will your life end
soon enough that you try to save it?
Distant matters are days
unknown to breaths and heartbeats.
Wheat is home among the grass.

I don't see the need.
Why do I dress the dead?
Am I so keen on dying?
When a cricket talks to the wind
the whole night listens.

Aren't you home in heat?
It's only warm made warmer.
The daisy fields suffer
when nobody watches them wave.
Or so you tell yourself.

Writing is more fun if you close your eyes.
Speaking is more fun if you close your ears.
Sometimes you swim in the river
for nights at a time
and no-one comes to end your fun.

The barbell flower is an omen:
flowers are worth looking for.
She walks her cat in the mornings
and wonders why she is sad
instead of why she is happy.

I don't drink coffee.
The Sun mimics my morning journey.
I balance water on my head
for the cat to drink.
She is called Water Diviner.

Three goddesses watch over my sleeping space.
They are gold, pink, and blue.
What agonies might I let go?
Perhaps time and dust
can lie beneath my notice.

I collect feathers
to adorn my friendships.
Would you like one?
A tail and a wing
can flip the world on its heart.

As I suffer sudden vertigo
I ask why the dark.
I could care more for the color of things.
A frog is an anchor in the mud.
When it leaps the world leaps.

You woke up the Earth today.
We all get to once.
What were her eyes like?
Go on, tell me.
My turn hasn't come yet.

There's a spot on the ceiling.
What shall we call her?
When I tell you about my life
am I happy?
Some things I leave up to you.

I sat on the ocean.
Newborn elephants
are my oldest and longest friends.
Sometimes the world's hard
and you go back to when it wasn't.

It's okay to matter
and when things matter.
Fear forgets it comes from love.
You forget you come from love.
But mattering is a path back to remembering.

The things that bring me comfort
may not be the things
that bring you comfort.
I like meadows in the dark.
What do you like?

“Remember.”

These were the words that stung.

But this is the last time

I will let them sting.

Tomorrow I go back.

Even though I feel fear
about starting over. . .

I am the spark that shrinks
the mountainous sky.

This is the plan.

No is a hostage
inside your body.
When you decide No
you can hear others try
to think what it means.

My chest is a black bowl
humming old tunes.
Black is a deep blue polish
changing what you knew
to what you must know.

Black is a deep blue polish
changing what you knew
to what you must know.
An onyx keeps me up
well before the Sun rises.

Sand is water that remembers
to be soft
even after you stop touching it.
You play in my shadow
as I watch the satellites come closer.

The stars wear an onyx belt
and roar so loud.
When I was eight
I tied black bands around my hips
and hoped for something in return.

When I was eight
I tied black bands around my hips
and hoped for something in return.
I've since loosened them
to fit low and soothing on my hips.

The stars were water once.
And ice too.
I'm healing from my death
like them.
With great and tumultuous fire.

The stones were water once.
The war was peace.
But I've not come from the past
to see the past.
Show me what we are now.

* * *

The mule comes back
because she's a stubborn idiot
who wants to see you dead.
You whip her
but she comes back.

Do you ever weep
until you're nothing but the rivers of blood
falling from your chest
because none of this is okay?
Pain in killing crescendo.

You know you've lost
when you find yourself
inside an idea of yourself.
In that case surrender.
Make it quick.

He hasn't hurt you yet.
But how many times
mustn't he hurt you
for the threat not to loom
like missiles from a new old god?

* * *

There is heavy rain outside.
I live in a desert masquerading as a utopia
so this is momentous.
The rain has washed away the bad air and the ash.
But also the bodies left of ash.

Woke up today like punches.
Punches against the wall.
An avalanche of punches.
Saturn chanting,
“Go deep into the madness.”

Who are you writing for
that you torture yourself so?
Is she inspiring?
Is she kind?
Is she everything you hate about yourself?

* * *

—*"But you are not the name of the Sun."*

Nor am I how it was made.

But it is animal to fear life in a deep shadow.

Is it not?

So I plant these words across the Sun which is not the Sun:

the dream is an animal,

the heart is an animal,

the distant star that looks on me and sees my name

is my animal.

But be kind to those who fall in the pit,

for we are the dust of your failings left behind,

the ozone forged.

Be merciful to those in the void,

for we are the bomb without awareness,

the collapse of all that stars might become.

* * *

And is that the fucking way
you want to bet your only breath on?
Then sleep.
Drop a needle
of ozone through your veins— sleep.

Fall asleep like grass, like harp strings
played by the spirit of an evening breeze through a meadow.
Water diving into water.
When the Earth comes crashing down to Earth
you are dreaming.

You're overthinking it.
Become joyous in the dark.
There is no future, only the approaching present.
To kneel at the base of a cobalt idol
is to worship the back of your eyelids for a safer darkness.

Leaping like quicksilver,
metal that can see the Moon in your blood.
Mistakes are the greatest happiness you can allow yourself.
Beware practice
and the erosion of that sacred ground.

Stars open like orchids.
Three and three wings like a bridge to nowhere.
The Earth is a comet that falls around the Sun.
Awaiting the mountain.
Awaiting the orchid.

So we killed them.
And if you don't understand
you are a man or still a creature of man.
And if you do understand
you too have dreamed of killing men.

I would like the mountains to grow.
I would like to see them growing at night
and know that they will never stop.
*No ships occlude the sky,
only mountains.*

If you've ever read a poem to death
you've killed.
No equivocations.
No excuses.
You've killed.

* * *

Not all bodies in the deer hunt are kills.
Some are myth.
Ultimately if I had to kill you once for each success,
I would kill you twice.
First for your surrender, and last for your forgiveness.

Something about the gentleness of deer hooves.
Something about appendages that split.
Mad ochre soothing your ache.
Sanity comes back slowly
with jumps and starts.

You are informed by trauma.
Some things you know so well at the expense of others.
And you deserve compassion for this
and all things.
Quiet journey into the shadow where your child self waits.

* * *

Sometimes reasons are beyond me
and I just cry.
I don't know
and I'm not intelligent about it,
I just cry.

* * *

You are continuous.
Silk spider on the rim of a pot
guarding its hoard.
Resurrection
is to slip back into the world carrying a plague.

